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SIXTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896.

NC. 61.

ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY,

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE.**

General Office, Earlington, Ky.

Branch Offices.

A. M. CARROLL, Manager,
337 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

S. H. NEWBOLD, Manager,
342 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

R. G. ROUSE, Manager,
Palmer House, Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

CAPT. T. L. LEE, Manager,
Cor. Main and Auction Sts., Memphis, Tenn.

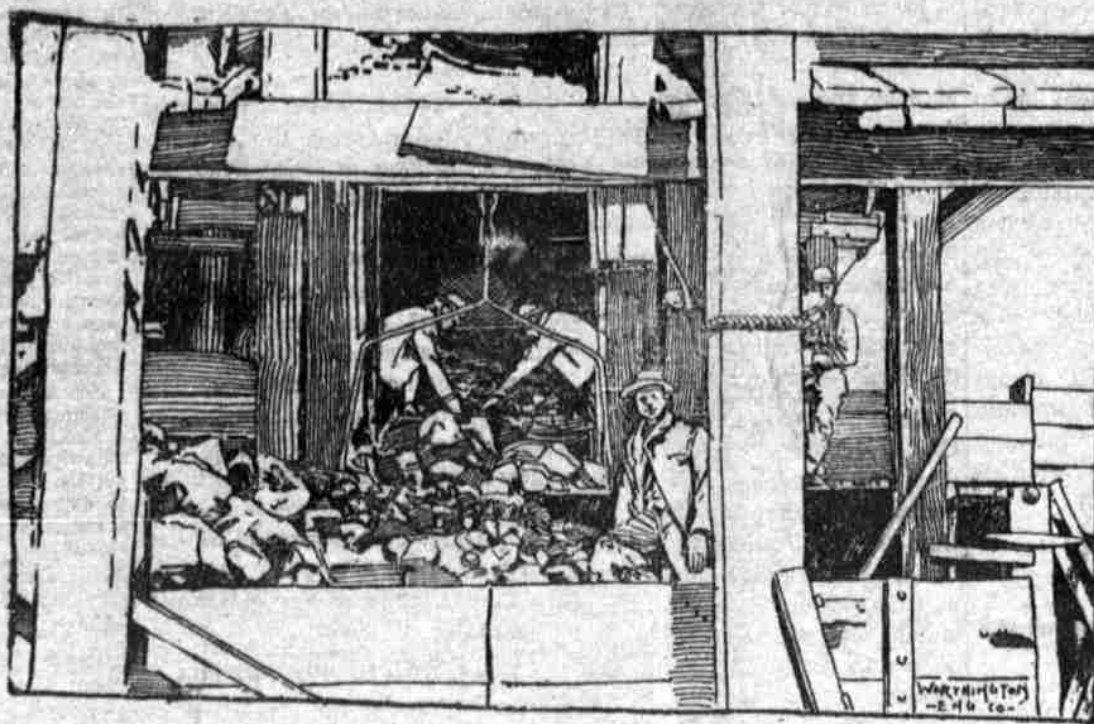
A. S. FORD, Manager,
327 Upper Second St., Evansville, Ind.

Wholesale Agents. HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill.

Keep a Sharp Lookout for Fresh Items of interest to the Retail COAL and COKE TRADE, which will appear from time to time, permanently occupying this space.

St. Bernard Coal Company.

INCORPORATED.



Shaking Screen, at St. Bernard Coal Company's No. 9 Mine, Earlington.

Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.

CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get St. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING

The southern coal products for 1895 will probably be much the largest of any year in the history of the southern mining trade. Alabama will exceed any former year's tonnage by about a million tons, and possibly more. Coal is probably next to iron, the best of business barometers. Being an essential of the product of pig iron the very basis of a great majority of the motive powers used in manufacture and transportation, it inevitably follows that enlarged use of coal signifies large business in general. The southern monthly output has been for some time at a rate of fully 30,000,000 tons a year, including the West Virginia mines in the southern group. This is a rate of 6,000,000 tons more a year than the south ever before produced.

Within the next five years all the accessible coal in the first and second pools will be entirely mined out, and the river coal operators will be compelled to turn their attention to points further up the Monongahela Valley. Thousands of acres of coal lands, however, are lying about Pittsburgh within a comparatively short radius that have not been developed, and there is no danger of all the accessible coal being mined in this generation or many generations to come, as it has already been figured that there is enough coal in the hills of western Pennsylvania and West Virginia to last for hundreds of years.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

The owner rubbed his hands and chuckled in glee, and said, "I told you that the poor people would appreciate baths and conveniences, with light and ventilation, and that they would willingly pay for them if only the price was moderate." The agent said, "Come down with me and inspect the building. You will find that the bath-rooms are appreciated, but perhaps for reasons different from what you expected." They made a tour of the building. The first family called upon was using the bath-room as a storage for fuel. The tub was full of coal with a sprinkling of kindling wood on the top. The mistress of the house, a large, comfortable-looking German woman, looked on with some misgivings. "I pays dem that way," she said. "I pays dem coals by der parrel more cheaper as by der basket. If I don't had dot path tub to put 'em in I have to pay dem py der basket."—Coal Trade Journal.

AMERICAN CITIES.

Every Year Adds to Their Unique and County Attractions.

New York still leads the vulgar race with the most costly art gallery bar-room, but the other cities boast what their saloon habitués would "call close seconds." Buffalo has such a palace, and whereas New York has long had a bar room with silver dollars let into the floor, Chicago led with the idea, and has five times as many dollars in the floor of the greatest and finest barber shop in Christendom. And Denver prides itself upon a saloon whose floor is studded with \$20 gold coins. There is no candy and soda water shop in America to equal one in Chicago, whose walls are coated with looking-glass cut to gleam like jewels. We pride ourselves upon our railway depot, but Philadelphia has two fine ones—the Pennsylvania and the Reading—and St. Louis' Union Depot and the Illinois Central Railway depot in Chicago are splendid stations. San Francisco has swimming baths that no other city parallels, and that city and New Orleans and Galveston have refreshing water-side resorts within their boundaries the like of which the people of other cities are put to trouble, expense and travel to get at. Chicago has a jewelry store second only to Tiffany's, and approached in only two other American cities—Cleveland and San Francisco. St. Louis has two jewelry stores nearly as fine. The most ambitious shop for the sale of a brace-a-bac, outside of New York, is in Cleveland, and no city on the continent has such a book store as McClurg's in Chicago. Pittsburgh has one of the finest and most modern theaters in the world, wherein the actors are cared for as they are nowhere else while at work. The best theaters of Chicago are of the first-class, and St. Paul, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Denver have each at least one theater that is finer than some noted ones on Broadway.

Many cities now display tall buildings, but the only dizzy ones—"sky scrapers," as the firemen call them—are in the only two cities in which there are need and excuse for them. These cities are New York and Chicago, in both of which, for different reasons, the business districts are cramped. As for the club houses of the country, there are none of the conventional type here or in London that are of a higher grade than three in

Chicago—the Chicago, the Chicago Athletic and the Union League. There are few things in cities of the same size in the East that have better headquarters than the Detroit, Minneapolis, Pacific Union and Bohemian of San Francisco, and the Boston Club of New Orleans. The Jewish Club of Cleveland should go in the same category. The Garten Verein, or Garden Club of Galveston, is a unique institution, delightful beyond any form or variation of the country club in America. The modern plan of putting the kitchens in the tops of buildings has been adopted in certain clubs and hotels in many cities, even of the size of Milwaukee, and still smaller Duluth. In their concessions to the women and their quarters for them the Western clubs are far more progressive than most of ours in the East. A large, costly and attractive "arcade," or interior court of shops, in the business center of Cleveland, is said to be the finest except one that is in Southern Europe. The public parks which Chicago already possesses, and those that are in various stages of development in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and San Francisco, are among the noblest works of our people. Noble, splendid residence streets are among the possessions of Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Louis, San Francisco, Detroit and New Orleans. The finest ones of the semi-parkway type are in Buffalo, St. Paul and Milwaukee.—Harpers' Weekly.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Christmas is coming. Childhood, manhood and old age proclaim it. The lights in a thousand homes glow brighter and burn longer because of it. The church bells have a richer melody as they make ready for the Christmas chimes.

The wind blows from the North, and the hours pass on the fore-runners of another Christmas morn. Christmas is coming to rich and poor alike, in cottage or palace the child is enthroned. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. Time relaxes its grip on the throat for awhile; gray hairs and golden mingles as they never do at other times; once more we become as little children, give the reins to the imagination, and let faith hope and charity rule the world.

What shadows the firelight casts upon the wall; what fancies haunt the chimney corner; what joy bells

ring out from the castle clocks, from the steeple in the dying coals, from the lilies of the valley, and like a prophecy of light and life, come dimmed by distance, the organ chants of the resurrection morning.

Christmas is childhood's gift to manhood, weary by his search for treasure and for power, and it tells him the best of all treasures are those of the fireside, and that the only power worth anything is the power over the hearts of those who love us and whom we love.

Saint Nicholas is the patron saint of childhood, who renews his youth under the benedictions of children, and all who know him and believe in him and aid him in his rounds of earth, share with him the blessed immortality conferred by the love of little children.

It is coming; Christmas everywhere; its messengers are in the air; its followers are on the streets; holly hangs in the lighted windows and the mistletoe bows are swinging from the lintels. It is Christmas the world over, and all the lines of nationality fade into this "greater glory." In the East its star has arisen, and it has traveled the whole world around, telling its story of peace on earth to men of good will.

Peace is peace everywhere. The strife of arms is not yet silenced, though for two thousand years men have taught the blessed Gospel, heard first on that first of Christmas morns.

Peace in the heart of man; peace from all strife for power, for place or for wealth. Peace, bearing plenty, until every child shall sleep in security and wake with joy, untroubled by hunger, untouched by the blasts of winter. Peace in the strife for gold; peace between man and man. And Christmas is that promise of a time coming when shall

"All men's good
Beech man's rule and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land.
And like a lane of beams across the sea.
Thro' all the circle of the golden year."
—Louisville Post.

Every man seems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so simply because they are the very ones he most needs.

"Marriage has made a great change in Harlow." "Yes; he used to be a great spendthrift, but now he doesn't spend a cent." "No; he can't afford it, now."

Now is the time to subscribe for THE BEE.

WINDMILL MAN'S STORY.

A Farmer's Pious Reason for Not Buying a Machine.

The man who sold windmills adjusted his chair at a new angle, crossed his feet on the railing of the balcony, looked his hands over the top of his head and began:

"Curious fellows, those Way-back farmers are; droll chaps to deal with, too; cute and sharp at a bargain. Most of them know a good thing when they see it, so I took a good many orders; but once in a while I come across a conservative old hayseed whose eyes are closed to anything modern. One of that sort helped me to a good laugh the other day, and I might as well pass it on:

"He was a genial white-headed old fellow who owned several fine farms, with prime orchards and meadows, barns and fences in apple order, and dwellings serene in comfort.

"He listened closely while I expatiated on the excellence of our make of machines; then taking a fresh supply of cavendish, he squared himself in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and held forth in this fashion:

"'Waal, stranger,' he said, 'your machine may be all right, but look here. I settled here in the airy 50s, broke the trail for the last few miles, blazin' the trees as we came along. I had a fair start, good health, a yoke o' cattle, a cow, an ax, with one bit an' three coppers in my pocket. An' I built a log house with a shake ruff and a punchon floor, an' a cow shed of popple poles ruffed with sod. I worked hard, up airy and down late, clearin' up land by diggin' a livin' out o' the side by main strength, an' no favors except the blessin' o' the Almighty. The Lord's been good to me. He's g'n me houses an' barns; he's g'n me horses an' cattle; he's g'n me sheep and feathered fowl of many kinds. An' now, stranger, after all that I'll be so everlastin' durned if I'll be so mean as to ask him to pump water for 'em.

"And then," continued the story teller, "he brought his hand down on his knee with a whack that fairly echoed through the house. Of course, I couldn't urge him to purchase after that expression of his sentiments, and I left him independent; wasn't he?"

Then the windmill man chuckled as if he had enjoyed the memory of the scene he had just described, and his hearers enjoyed his story so much that when he left he was richer by three or four orders.

Kentucky Young Folks' Reading Circle.

The following circular has just been issued and fully explains itself:

At the last meeting of the State Teachers' Association, held at Lexington, July 1, 2 and 3, the undersigned were appointed a committee to organize and put in operation a Reading Circle for the young people of our State. Other States have had similar circles in successful operation for some years, and this seemed to be a fitting time to give the boys and girls of our State the same privileges and opportunities as are enjoyed by others. The committee has formulated and herewith announces a course of reading, suited to the capacities and needs of those for whom it is intended, and we now ask the co-operation and assistance of earnest men and women throughout the State in their effort to place in the hands of the young a grade of literature suited to their advancement, chaste in language and healthy in its moral tone. It will require the united efforts of all to make this plan successful, and hence your active aid is most earnestly solicited.

One of the first difficulties to be overcome is the lack of books, and the consequent necessity of providing ways and means for securing these. Different plans are suited to different localities, and enterprising Teachers and others will find some means of assisting the young thus to become acquainted with the best thoughts of some of our best thinkers. In some localities the school board, if so requested, will put a complete set of books in each school, to be used as a circulating library. In other cases, Teachers and others will raise funds by means of entertainments, etc., and buy the books for their schools. In very many cases the books can and will be bought for private use. In other places, public subscriptions may be made and the books thus furnished free to all who wish to use them.

It is unnecessary to urge upon you the importance of this work and the great benefit that will accrue to the children from the perusal of these and similar books. All these and similar efforts are directed toward the formation and cultivation of the reading habit, which, like all other habits, grows by what it feeds on. Children, as a rule, read something, and if the

good is not within their reach they read the bad. The surest way to eradicate the taste for the bad is to cultivate a taste for the good. This is what we seek to accomplish and this is what we ask you to assist us in bringing about.

MRS. SARAH WEBB MAURY,
T. M. GOODNIGHT,
W. H. BARTHOLOMEW,
A. L. PETERMAN,
R. H. CAROTHERS,
Committee.

The list of books adopted is given below as arranged for country schools. For city schools, a different arrangement has been made and persons writing for circulars should specify whether they are wanted for city or for country schools. Copies of the circulars can be had by addressing Mrs. Sarah Webb Maury, 1940 First St., Louisville.

FIRST GRADE.
Nature Stories for Little Readers, Bass, Vols. 1. and 11.—D. C. Heath & Co.
Little Folks of Other Lands—Interstate Pub. Co.

SECOND GRADE.
The Seven Little Sisters, Andrews—Lee & Shepard.
Seaside and Wayside, Nos. 1. and 2.—D. C. Heath & Co.
Big Brother, Annie F. Johnston—Jos. Knight & Co.

THIRD GRADE.
Book of Tales—American Book Co.
Polly Oliver's Problem, Kate Douglas Wiggin—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Seaside and Wayside, No. 3.—D. C. Heath & Co.

Tales from Norse Mythology, Annie Blingsen Smith.
FOURTH GRADE.
The Wonder Book, Hawthorne—American Book Co.
History Stories, Nos. 1. and 2. and 3. Pratt—Educational Pub. Co.
Sharp Eyes, John Burroughs—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FIFTH GRADE.
The Spy, Cooper—American Book Co.
Ten Boys on the Road from Long Ago—Ginn & Co.

Twice Told Tales, Hawthorne—American Book Co.
Hion School—First and Second Years.

The Abbott—Scott—American Book Co.
Winter Sunshine, John Burroughs—American Book Co.

Stories of Siegfried, Baldwin—Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Sketch Book, Irving—American Book Co.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS.
Sesame and Lilies, Ruskin—

American Book Co.
Sohrak and Rustum, Arnold—American Book Co.

Myths of Greece and Rome, Guerber—American Book Co.
Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, Addison—American Book Co.—The Southern School.

So strong and lasting is the influence of a book on the mind and heart of a child, that at this special season of book-buying for children, it will be profitable to consider those placed in the hands of our youth.

There will not be many homes in our community in which a new book will not be found at this 'glad Christmas time.' A little forethought will insure it being profitable as well as pleasureable, where there is such an abundance from which to choose. Books are so cheap, so attractive, and within the reach of every one in our midst that it would seem no child should be neglected.

The most eminent men and women of our day, with skillful brain and loving heart, have given themselves to the task of books for children. Books in which are culled the experience of a lifetime spent in art, or science or travel, simplified and adapted to the understanding of all ages of childhood. These authors count themselves fortunate to be allowed to set before their vast audience of small folks ideals of character and ethical views of life.

Publishing houses expend their best efforts in magazines and papers for young folks.

It will be an experience worth remembering, if some father who has not tried it will subscribe for Harper's Round Table, St. Nicholas or the Youth's Companion for his little boy, and watch the pleasure of the child as he unfolds the crisp white leaves with an air of proprietorship, as each week rolls around; how he tells of this or that of his paper; how important the name "Master Willie Brown" on the cover. If it is not worth a dollar and a half—that child should be somewhere else.

There is much said of training our boys and girls in citizenship. Give them books of Biography. They could learn in no more interesting way of men loved and honored for deeds of valor, benevolence or skill. Train their perception by Nature Readers, so that they may see with the mind's eye, and know and love the common things that are the handiwork of our creator. Even very little children love the rhythm of poetry long before they are able to read for themselves.

There died recently a man in Chicago, who in life was known and loved as the "children's poet," and in death is to be honored with a monument erected by the love offerings of the children of America. Could nobler praise be earned or awarded. Let our children read his poems.

Theorems advice is, to read the best books first, and the child is fortunate who knows only good books from the beginning. Let us buy this year less sweets and tinsels for Christmas pleasure of our children, and more books that meet the requirement of opening with expectation and closing with profit.

In the subjoined list will be found a few of the many that would fulfill these conditions.

IDA E. WALKER.

The Jones Andrews Series—Ginn & Co.

Seven Little Sisters.
Each and All.
Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children.

How The Seven Little Sisters proved their Sisterhood.
Ten Little Boys on the Road from Long Ago till Now.

Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe, by Miss C. M. Yonge.
Little People of Asia by Olive Thorne Miller.

Children of the Cold, by Lieut. Schwatka.
Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates, by Mary Mapes Dodge.

Across Asia on a Bicycle, by T. G. Allen.
The Land of Pluck, by Mary Mapes Dodge.

The Badley Books and Old Mother Earth, by Josephine Simpson.

THE REST OF THE EPITAPH.

Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, is not in attendance upon the Convention, but he is well represented by his anecdotes, which are related by churchmen much as Lincoln's stories are by the general public. Here is one of them: One of the Bishop's friends told a deeply loved, and in his sorrow, caused these words to be inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes has gone out." The bereaved married within a year. Shortly afterward the Bishop was walking through the graveyard with another gentleman. When they arrived at the tomb the latter asked the Bishop what he would say of the present state of affairs, in view of the words on the tombstone. "I think," said the Bishop, "the words 'But I have struck another match,' should be added."

Stable and Office on MAIN ST., near Depot.

TRAVELING MEN
—ISAAC DAVIS